



The Gasburg Gazette

Volume 5, Issue 1

Winter 2009

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Memories of Grandpa by Richard Bolz

Who is that old man sitting in the office, long white hair, neatly groomed beard, the lines in his face showing his 80 years of age? Why, that's my grandpa, I told the stranger. Everybody calls him Pop. I don't know if any stranger is ever ordinary, but this guy was definitely not your ordinary traveler.

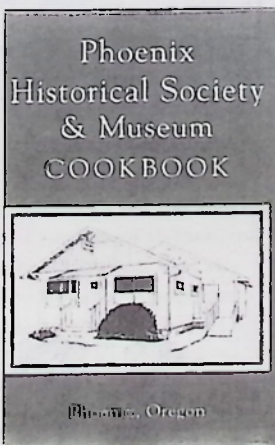
It was the summer of 1951 and I was six years old, spending the afternoon at my grandpa's feed store and service station located just north of Phoenix. He had two Mobile gas pumps in front of the office of the feed

store. Highway 99 was a two lane road at that time. Suddenly I heard an unfamiliar sound coming up the north bound lane. I couldn't believe my eyes. It was a covered wagon being pulled by one horse pulling into the front of the feed store, then stopping right in front of those two Mobile gas pumps. The stranger climbed down from the wagon and after our brief conversation walked into the office to talk to my grandpa or Pop. He said he had come from Illinois. He was on his way to Portland hoping to reach his final destination, the Columbia River.

Upon his departure from Illinois he had left with four horses and three had died on the way. Now he was unable to feed his horse a proper diet to keep up its strength to pull the wagon. When I mentioned the covered wagon I didn't mean the Conestoga size wagon. This wagon was a much smaller version.

We all walked out of the office and my grandpa surveyed the wagon and then looked at the horse. She was a white mare and not in very good physical condition. I remember her front
(Cont. on pg. 2)

Cookbooks For Sale



Available at \$15.00

MEMOIRS OF ORANGE JACOBS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

An excerpt from MEMOIRS OF ORANGE JACOBS follows as it has references pertaining to Gasburg and Sam Culver.

"...Being desirous of visiting California and Mexico, before my return to Michigan, I quite suddenly, in the fall of 1857, concluded to make a start....

"I stopped at a town in Jackson Count, bearing the euphonious name of Gas-

burg. I rested there for a couple of weeks. The people of that settlement were contemplating the erection of a building for a high school or seminary; and they offered me \$150 a month to teach a six-months' school. Mr. Culver, quite a wealthy gentleman, offered me an additional \$50 a month to keep his books posted, a work I could attend to at night without interfering with the

school. I concluded as I probably would have to wait until spring for my collections, to accept the offer. The district already had quite a good school-house. My scholars were mostly young men and women, and I taught everything from reading, and spelling, up so and including algebra, and surveying. I never had to do with a finer lot of pupils,
(Cont. on page 3)

Grandpa, continued from page 1

Knees revealed a green color that I suspect was caused by the miles and miles she had already spent pulling the wagon. It was obvious that my grandpa felt as sorry for the horse as I did. He gave the stranger some kind of salve for the horse's knees and we also loaded two bags of oats or some kind of feed. I also give him a disk of rabbit salt. The stranger thanked Grandpa for his generosity and we watched the wagon continue north on Highway 99 until they were out of site never to be seen or heard from again.

Grandpa's feed store was one of my favorite places to hang out and play and also help Grandpa when he had customers. On those cold winter days there were

always one or two men hanging out by the pot belly wood stove in Grandpa's office where they would chat and smoke their pipes. There was also a pop machine in the office that held three flavors: Delaware Punch, Nesbitt Orange and Coke which could be purchased by putting a dime in the machine. My sisters and I were allowed to have one a day. On those really hot days, I could sometimes talk Grandpa into letting me have a second bottle, my favorite Delaware Punch.

The feed store was open until five o'clock six days a week. It was after closing time that I had my most fun playing in the feed store. One day I had crawled under the building and discov-

ered a way to get inside after the store closed. At the loading dock where we would unload deliveries, sacks of feed and other products. There was a small opening between the foundation and floor of the building. Larry Murphy, one of my grade school chums, still remembers the fun times he and I had playing in the feed store. We would push each other around on the old wooden framed hand truck racing across the wooden planked floor. Sometimes there would be as many as three or four of my friends and we would play hide and seek or tag. We all enjoyed the little rounds of rabbit salt that we would lick on.

My grandpa had a 1938

Ford truck that was always parked in the building at the loading dock and I would sometimes spend hours in that truck pretending like I was delivering loads of feed to farmers. I loved that truck and I was always so thrilled when my dad and I would make trips up the Green Springs in route to Klamath Falls to pick up feed for my grandpa's store from a pellet mill. Our first stop on the way was always at the Summit store and gas station where we would have a bottle of pop. Then on up the mountain passing through Lincoln driving by Pinehurst and on the way back stopping at King Cole. I can't remember exactly why we would stop at King

(Cont. on page 3)

Orange Jacobs, continued from page 1

and my position was in every way agreeable to me. I ought possibly to state that my wife, then Miss Lucinda Davenport, the only daughter of Dr. Davenport, attended that school. This added to my other employments the delightful one of courting, and we were married on the first of January 1858. Although we have lived together for fifty years, we never have been reconciled yet, because there never has been any occasion for a reconciliation.

"At the close of the first term I contracted to teach for another term of six months, as my roving dispo-

sition had dissolved into thin air. When the second term was closed, I was appointed a Justice of the Peace of that precinct, and I returned to the practice of law—occasionally writing for the newspapers."

Thanks to Teri Martin for sharing the above information.

In Biographical Information obtained by Dorothy Claflin, Orange Jacobs settled in Jacksonville, Oregon and practiced law; edited and published the *Jacksonville Sentinel* until 1859; moved to the Territory of



Orange Jacobs

Washington; and became very active in the judicial system and Seattle, Washington politics. He died in Seattle in 1914.

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Doris Kane
Judy Lichtenstein
Mike McKey
Mike Wrede



Grandpa, continued from page 2

Cole, but I think it was because my dad liked to talk to the amusing character who owned the place. Those were always such fun trips for me as a child. Returning from Klamath Falls my dad would back the truck up to the loading dock and I would help my grandpa and my dad unload the sacks of feed. Grandpa would always give me a dime for helping and I would immediately put that dime in the Coke machine for a delicious Delaware Punch.

I miss that old feed store. I miss running up and down the outside boardwalk that extended from the office to the end of the feed store. Just across a narrow patch of ground stood the hay barn. The original framing of it still stands in place today. Bill Rombach bought the old feed store around 1959. He added on to the east or back side of the building and it became the Red Barn Auction which has since moved to another location. After numerous remodels, the building has

changed drastically. Yet through it all, the old hay barn still stands proud and true. Occasionally I walk by the building and peek into the old barn. When I do that I get a bright twinkle in my eye and I can see me and my friends playing on top of the hay bales, but with very watchful eyes. For we knew if Grandpa caught us, he would whack us with his old walking cane.



"Grandpa"
Richard Fredrick Bolz

Early Families & Roxy Anne

At the December 9, 2008 meeting, guest Anne Billiter talked about the following:

In 1732 in Hebron, Connecticut, Roxy Anne Hutchinson's grandfather was born. He married in Connecticut and had three children there. He then moved to Chester, Vermont when an opportunity came to help found a new town. While there, he had two more children, Sybil and Elias. Elias Hutchinson was Roxy Anne's father. Roxy Anne's grandfather was a loyalist and in the 1770's the family moved to

Canada. Elias grew up in Canada and married there. In 1801 they had twin baby girls, Rhoda and Roxy Anne. They were two of at least eleven children of which at least five came to Oregon and four to Jackson County.

The family moved to Ohio before 1820. In 1823 Roxy Anne married Henry Hughes. In 1826 Elmira Hutchinson married Joseph McKee. In 1826 Rhoda Hutchinson married James Dunlap. In 1833 Laura Hutchinson married William Epps. Their youngest son Augustus (Gus) Epps came to Phoenix,

Oregon sometime after 1880 and was a hotel keeper like his father. He had a wife named Jane, died in 1903 and is buried in the Phoenix Pioneer Cemetery.

Roxy Anne's husband died and she remarried John Bowen in Indiana in 1838. Roxy Anne had four children and John at least six. They had four more together.

In 1849 Maryum Bowen (John Bowen's daughter) married John McKee (Roxy Anne's nephew) in Missouri.

In 1852 the families of Bo-

wen, Dunlap and McKee crossed the plains and came to Oregon in 1853. The families obtained Donation Land Claims in Jackson County. The Bowen family owned the butte we now know as Roxy Anne.

The Bowen family and several other families moved to the Jacksonville area.

It is not know where or when Roxy Anne died, but it was before 1869. John Bowen married Catherine Belling in 1869. He is buried in the Logtown Cemetery.

(Transcribed by Dorothy Cotton)

Tribute to a Pear Packer by Barbara Isaacs

When I wrote about the pear packing plants in Phoenix, I neglected to mention the contribution that my sister Beverly Reynolds made to the pear industry in the Rogue Valley.

Beverly packed pears every season for nine years at Associated Fruit in the

original packing house that our father built. Before the migrant workers came to the valley, some local people would "follow the fruit" and Bev did that, packing in California, Oregon and Washington. It was a difficult job being gone from home for three to four

months.

Beverly then went to work for Harry and David seasonal and then to working year round, eventually becoming a supervisor. After retiring, she continued to work part time for them on an outside pack for Fruit of the Month.

Bev traveled to Washington, Idaho, Texas and Florida for another five years supervising and inspecting the production.

Once you became involved in the fruit industry, it could be a satisfying career, a job that is disappearing from our valley.

Phoenix Historical Society & Museum
607 N. Church Street
P. O. Box 1466
Phoenix, Oregon 97535

Telephone (541) 512-0614

Open Weekdays
1 p.m. to 4 or 5 p.m.

YOU CAN BE A MEMBER

of Phoenix Historical Society for just \$5 a year or \$10 for a family. Join now and help preserve the history of Phoenix and the surrounding area.

Any historical information regarding Phoenix would be much appreciated by anyone receiving this newsletter. Please send to above address.



**Happy
Valentine's Day!**

Museum Musings



2008 Christmas Gathering



The annual Christmas party was a success with guest speaker Anne Billiter, lots of visiting, great hors d' oeuvres and desserts, and yummy pizza. The collection of donations taken during the festivities will be directed towards building an exterior covered display for the rescued timber from the Colver House.

Phoenix Historical Society will be hosting the Jackson County Heritage Association's monthly meeting February 12th beginning at 10:00 am at the Phoenix Museum. Hope to see you there! Goodies will be provided.



Saturday, February 14th, participating museums and historical societies in Jackson County will be celebrating Oregon's 150th birthday. Beginning the 14th, visitors will receive free raffle tickets at each site they visit for a huge basket filled with historical goodies. The more sites they visit, the more tickets they will receive and

the greater the chance of winning the basket. The drawing will be held March 12th at the Jackson County Heritage Association meeting. You don't have to be present to win.

Phoenix Historical Society will be open from 10:00 am to 2:00 pm with an Open House and refreshments on the 14th to celebrate.

Work needs to be expended towards cleaning pine needles from the museum roof and rain gutters. Anyone interested in helping with this task, please contact Dick Croly, 890-0464.



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And Now We're Ten!

It was ten years ago in April of 1999 that the Phoenix Historical Society opened its museum doors to the public. And how we have grown.

This is our single building museum when it was located behind the former library and next to the fire department on Second Street.



This is the view from the back and west side of the building.

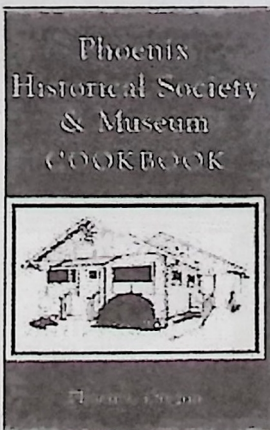


During a meeting held at the Phoenix Library on August 26, 1998 and opened by Betty Cox, Chairman pro-tem, a copy of BYLAWS FOR A HISTORICAL SOCIETY FOR PHOENIX was passed out.

"During the meeting a

question was asked as to why we were meeting at the library? Also, where could we get items to put into a museum? It was suggested that we collaborate with the Southern Oregon Historical Society to create exhibits in our museum that would be of interest not only to visitors to the area, but also the residents that would bring history to our region that we cannot do unless we have a facility in the valley to do so. Also, it was mentioned that some people don't even know Phoenix exists because there's nothing to designate them or direct them to come (continued on page 2)

Cookbooks For Sale



Available at \$15.00

Old Days In Phoenix ~ by Sandra (Owens) Anthony & recorded by Dorothy Cotton

The program for an evening meeting in 2007 was a talk by Sandra Owens Anthony. Sandy's great grandfather, William Owens, and his wife, Sarah Harper, had a cotton plantation on the Missouri border on the Black River. He saw the Civil War coming and started making plans to come west with his family. He was a Christian man and treated all his slaves lovingly so when he came west he let them all go. The family came by covered wagon to the Willamette Valley in the early

1860's. In the 1880's the Owens family was in the saw-mill business. The Depression came and they lost the business so a lot of the family migrated to the Rogue Valley. When Grandfather John Owens came to the Rogue Valley he received a donation land claim in the Roxy Ann area.

Grandpa Owens' donation land claim was on Dry Creek. It was difficult to farm due to all the rocks. They kept coming to the surface every year after the winter's freeze. When

WWII broke out, their house and all the houses around there were put into what was called "German Town." The troops trained there. The family moved to Ashland where the Oak Knoll Golf Course is now. They had 360 acres and started farming.

Sandy's father, Roscoe Owens, was born in Phoenix in 1910 in a house on Church Street. In 1911 the croup came through Phoenix and at that time Dr. Maligne was the only (continued on page 2)

And Now We're Ten, continued from page 1

into Phoenix—a Museum and Visitor's Center should help were the opinions voiced at the meeting."

A document was to be filed with the State of Oregon to authenticate the validity of a Phoenix Historical Society along with the \$20 filing fee.

Copies of potential By-laws for Phoenix Historical Society were passed out for perusal and return at next meeting.

Gary Shaff offered to be President pro-tem for the Phoenix Historical Society, Dorothy offered to be Treasurer and Betty Cox, Secretary.

At the Phoenix Historical Society Meeting held in the Museum on April 13, 1999 the following occurred:

"Dorothy Claflin shared information about the opening of the museum. So far, there have been twelve hours of having been actually open to the public. The visitors have been enthusias-

tic and "impressed" with what has happened so far and quite a few would like to bring items for display—any items are encouraged to just be 'loaned' to the museum for a period of time agreed upon between the person bringing the material to be displayed and Phoenix Historical Society officers.

There is a form to be filled out and Dorothy Claflin also keeps an inventory of what is being either donated or loaned to the museum.

Opening hours were discussed: Dorothy said that days are not specifically set as yet because some people can't work on certain days. It was decided that anyone who wants to watch it, is fine.

"Dorothy Claflin, Treasurer, reported there were nine memberships now and a little later she gave the balance in the Historical Society's bank account. One of the visitors said, 'With only nine members?' It was explained that this money is a

'legacy' from a past member who helped start the Phoenix Historical Society years ago.

"Arrangements have been made with Greg Benzel to make a video of people visiting the museum on Saturday, April 17, 12:00 noon. Eventually, it was suggested there be a spokes person for the historical society. Plans are for Steve and Jill Marek to dress in period costumes for the video. Others to show up in 'regular' clothes. A script will be arranged. A narrator will be available telling a little about the museum."

Discussion took place concerning the location of the museum. It was noted that the library would eventually expand and that the city owns the property on which the museum is located. The vicinity of the Phoenix cemetery was suggested as a future location.

Members and guests present were Cecil and Dorothy Claflin, Marjorie Edens,

Margaret Croly, Barbara Isaacs, Junia Johnson, Lillie Myers, Steve Marek, Greg Benzel, Gary Shaff and Betty Cox.

The following are excerpts from minutes taken at the Phoenix Historical Society Meeting in the Museum on May 11, 1999:

"Expansion of the museum was noted by Gary. He said that he felt it interesting how the exhibits are expanding. Dorothy said it was open last Sunday, and she said kids seem to like to handle things—that would not break—so they could look at and get ideas of 'how things were' a long time ago. Toy reproductions were one idea brought forward for kids to see; also rocks.

"Dorothy said we now have 14 paid memberships.

"A budget was brought up by Gary because he said it helps to place priorities financially on our activities. It helps us to understand where we want to focus our resources (continued on page 3)

Old Days In Phoenix, continued from page 1

doctor here. There were so many sick children that he had to choose which babies he could save and which he could not. Roscoe was one of the ones he chose.

When Roscoe and his brother were young boys, their mother would not allow their hair to be cut. One day their father loaded them in the wagon for a day's trip to visit some family members. When they returned their hair had been cut. When their mother saw what he had done she said she was "going to bed and die."

Grandmother Owen had red

auburn hair and a fiery temper. Normally she was a sweet person. One day she must have been upset. One day, after milking and coming in for breakfast, Grandma Owen served Grandpa his breakfast including a beautiful pie. When he bit into the pie his eyes got big and he spit it across the table. The pie was made with a sawdust filling. He didn't say anything, but was very sorry for whatever it was he had done. She had gone to a lot of work to prove her point.

Sandy remembered that whenever she had a problem her father would remind her that she

came from pioneer stock. Her mom would tell her to "put steel in your backbone." Having taught junior high for several years, Sandy must have had some steel in her backbone.

Sandy remembered Grandpa Owens purchasing a fruit dish set for Grandma when they were married in 1909 and it was passed down through the family to her.

Grandma (Bishop) Owen joined the Presbyterian Church in 1875 that sat where the museum is now. Bishops and Owens are buried in the Phoenix Pioneer Cemetery and in the Stearns Cemetery in Talent.

Phoenix Historical Society Board Members

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Dorothy Claflin: Treas.
Doris Kane
Judy Lichtenstein
Mike McKey
Mike Wrede



And Now We're Ten, continued from page 2

and how we want management of same. One of the important things are the exhibits—establish roughly how many exhibits we might have per year. Also, how much money we want to dedicate to each preparation and estimated cost. Perhaps \$100 or \$200 per exhibit.

"The video will be shown on Channel 9. It was really enjoyed by all those present. Budget items were discussed further. Eventually a telephone with an answering machine would be needed. Gary suggested a four year budget beginning July 1.

"It was decided to get a Post Office box."

Those attending were Steve and Jill Marek, Debbie and Mike McKey, Dorothy and Cecil Claflin, Marjorie Edens, Barbara Isaacs, Lillie Myers, Gary Shaff and Betty

Cox.

Editor's note: Just what happened to the video that the Museum was promised a copy of?

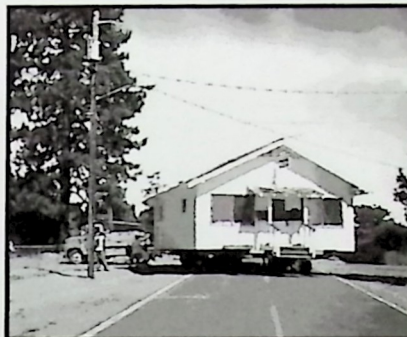
Ready to Relocate



Board Members: Cecil & Dorothy Claflin, Mike & Nannette Wrede, Stan Ferns & Dick Croly

Having settled in after the move to the new location, it was time for another change. John Keiser drew the architectural design for a 24x24 foot addition to be attached to the west side of

Moving Day to 607 N. Church Street, June 2002



the original building built in 1925. Mike Wrede, Mike McKey, Stan Ferns, Dick Kane and Dick

Croly with the help of John worked diligently over a period of two years accomplishing the completion of the new addition. Barbara Isaacs was instrumental in seeing that the inside of the addition was

painted. Display cabinets were then built and installed that now hold many items of interest. This room has also become our meeting room where many functions have since been held. It's so nice having our own meeting space.



Note: We now have approximately 90 members.

Letter to the Editor

Margaret,

Thank you for the latest copy of the "Gasburg." Since you came from the Bolz family, "Pop" was probably your grandpa too. The description of his business is reminiscent of the history of the things I observed around Phoenix during the depression days. The father of one of my childhood friends and classmate, Gordon Germer, had a ranch just a little way south of Phoenix on Highway 99, and he probably did business with "Pop."

I must have passed the place many times on the way to Medford—and might have even walked that far north a time or two. I seem to remem-

ber a place with gas pumps on the West side, but feed stores on the East side.

I guess "Pop" was in competition with my grandpa—in a sense—because he had a gasoline pump too—one of those old fashioned contraptions with a lever to pump the gas up into the chamber—to be drained into the gas tanks by gravity. If I remember correctly the brand of gasoline that my grandpa sold was "Associated." I don't know how much it was, but I suspect you could get it for a nickel a gallon. There were not so many cars in those days, but since we did

live on the main highway, there was a market for the fuel and you had to have it available for the travelers.

Looking back on it, during the depression, I think our area was better off than many other places because for one thing we had the pear industry—and Barbara Isaacs wrote some nice articles about that. In Phoenix, I think we had a strong sense of community, and a variety of things going on. Ranching, dairies, hay farming, etc. While we had poor people living around Phoenix, they had support systems—and by and large they were very honest. But

we did see so many good hungry young men traveling back and forth on Highway 99 and the railroad looking for some means of survival. Many of them received help from us as they passed north to the CCC camps in Medford.

Give my best to my old classmates Stan Ferns and Dorothy Claflin, Bob Hearn (from a message dated 2/8/2009)

Editor's note: Bob's grandpa was Andrew Hearn, owner of the Phoenix Mercantile.

Phoenix Historical Society & Museum

607 N. Church Street

P. O. Box 1466

Phoenix, Oregon 97535

Telephone (541)512-0614

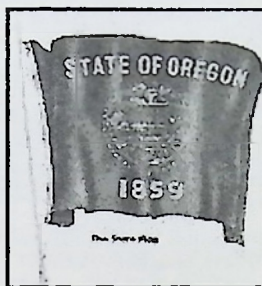
Open Weekdays

1 p.m. to 4 or 5 p.m.

YOU CAN BE A MEMBER

of Phoenix Historical Society for just \$5 a year or \$10 for a family. Join now and help preserve the history of Phoenix and the surrounding area.

Any historical information regarding Phoenix would be much appreciated by anyone receiving this newsletter. Please send to above address.



Happy 150th Birthday,
OREGON!

Museum Musings



THANKS

To Our Volunteers!

Board Members:

Dorothy Claflin,
Dorothy Cotton,
Doris Kane, Mike
Wrede, Judy Lich-
tenstein, Dick
Croly, Stan Ferns,
Mike McKey

Docents:

Dorothy Cotton,
Lorraine Sexton,
Barbara Isaacs,
Doris Kane, Beverly
Reynolds, Eleanor
Bolz, Margaret
Croly, Dick Kane,
Nannette Wrede,
Pat Popow, Dorothy
Claflin



Phoenix Historical Society lost one of its founding members and staunch supporters, Betty Cox, February 22, 2009. She was Phoenix Historical Society's first secretary and was very persistent in acquiring tax exempt status (501-3 C) for the organization.

Celebrating Oregon's 150th Birthday (Sesquicentennial) on February 14th with an Open House and refreshments was very successful. Newcomers found the Phoenix Museum of interest. Visitors enjoyed being able to visit other museums in the valley on the same day.

On May 2, 2009 the Phoenix Park Foundation is holding a clean-up and beautification project in Colver Park in conjunction with the city of Phoenix recognition of Oregon's Sesquicentennial. Come in your work clothes ready to sand and paint from 8:00 am to 1 pm.

Phoenix Historical Society is celebrating ten years of continuous operation. Congratulations!



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Care of Cemetery Tombstones by Marla Samuel

The speaker for the evening meeting on July 14, 2009 was Marla Samuel, sculptor and neighbor. She spoke about the care of the different types of tombstones that are in the Phoenix Pioneer Cemetery. The older stones are made mostly of marble, a stone used for making headstones in the early days because it was easy to carve but had a bit of hardness to it. Later granite was used because it is much more durable and lasts longer. The difference between marble and granite is that marble for the most part is white or grey and you can tell when it starts becoming pitted that it is mar-

ble because granite does not disintegrate.

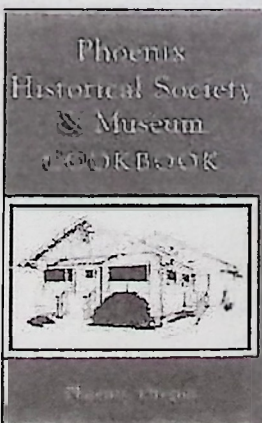
For cleaning marble, limestone or sandstone (soft natural stones) use plenty of water, buckets, natural bristle or tooth brushes, non-ionic soaps or detergents, and tender loving care. Do not use wire bristled brushes or metal instruments, acid or acidic cleaners, household cleaners such as soap (Ivory), detergents, Borax, Clorox, Formula 409, Spic and Span, (or any other abrasive cleaner), pressure washers, or sealants of any kind. If any cleaning agents are used, it will start to break down the marble. The marble will begin to disinte-

grate, it will get soft, and if you rub it, it will come off as powder.

When cleaning granite tombstones, it is best to follow the same prescription for cleaning limestone, sandstone or marble tombstones. Due to granite's durability, it is all right to use a more aggressive scrubbing technique. You can also use a pressure washer on granite tombstones as long as they are in stable condition and reveal no fracturing or cracks.

A word of caution when using a pressure washer: be careful if the tombstone's carving or engraved areas
(Continued on page 2)

Cookbooks For Sale



Available at \$15.00

Annual Barbecue with Banjo Bill

A fun-filled annual barbecue was enjoyed by over fifty attendees on September 8th. Along with the barbecued hamburgers, hot dogs and brats, the tables were laden with salads, veggies, fruits and desserts. What an offering!

As people ate, Banjo Bill, the one and only official banjo player of the Southern Oregon Historical Society, with his Old Time Music Show, entertained the crowd. He brought with him and played three historically correct banjos of 1845,

1870 and 1890 vintage, a jaw harp, spoons, washboard, and harmonica. He also gave historical accounts of songs and instruments played.

After stuffing themselves, the audience was encouraged to learn how to play spoons and the paper bag through Banjo Bill's interactive workshops. What a treat and challenge, but fun all the same.

The weather turned out to be just perfect for the event.



We're all looking forward to next year's event.

Caring For Tombstones, continued from page 1

have any kind of coloring in it such as black or contrasting paint. The pressure washer can and will strip it out leaving little or no contrast for the viewer to read the lettering on the tombstone.

On polished granite tombstones, calcium deposits from hardened water often leave a hazed coating on the surface. It is recommended to use a heavy duty non-metallic scouring pad, one that is safe to use on granite, to remove these calcium deposits. Non-ionic soap or detergent and water can be used with the scouring pad while scrubbing the polished surface thoroughly to remove the deposits.

A unique method cleaning headstones heavily covered in lichens has been found. Regardless of whether the stone is standing or has fallen over, build a small tent over it with wood and polyethylene to create a miniature greenhouse. Go around to the other stones in

the cemetery and collect a bucket full of snails. Put them inside the tent and seal the exits to prevent them from escaping. Use a fine mesh wire or fabric to provide some ventilation.

The issue of broken stones: A good method to conserve a gravestone broken near the ground level is to cast a replacement base with a socket. The gravestone is then set in place with a high lime mortar. There are problems with this method, as uneven breaks on the stone must be trimmed away. Also the underground portion of the stone must be removed if it is to be reset in the same location.

Another method is to simply reset the gravestone in a lowered position. This may be the quickest method and may be a reasonable temporary measure. In order to safely reset a monolithic stone, at least one third must be buried underground. Inscription may have to be placed beneath

the ground.

If the stone that breaks is not too thin, it may be possible to drill into the bottom of it and use rebar to attach the stone to the base.

Mending stones with epoxy: Wear gloves when working with all stones. All fragments to be joined, must be thoroughly cleaned and dried before any epoxy can be applied to the mating surfaces. A propane torch may be used to quickly evaporate moisture in cooler weather. If rain or cold weather is due to arrive, wait until a nice day. Be very careful to apply epoxy to one of the mating surfaces only, without spreading it too close to the edge. This will help avoid any squeeze out from occurring. Note: If a stone cracks and water gets in, freezing may make the stone break off. The stone should be sealed.

Following her talk, Marla led those interested for a walk to her studio and through the cemetery to

point out different types of stones and how they could be repaired and cleaned.

(from notes taken by
Dorothy Cotton)



Marla
Samuel



Carlos DeBritto, Dick Croly, Marla,
son Jacob and Jan DeBritto



Marla, Amanda Claflin, Dorothy
Claflin and Dorothy Cotton

Class Visits Museum and Cemetery

Joanie Howell's group of twenty-seven fourth graders from Phoenix Elementary walked to the Phoenix Museum and Phoenix Pioneer Cemetery for a Friday afternoon field trip on November 5th. The class was divided into two groups for more personal attention.

Museum members Dorothy Claflin and Dick Croly greeted the first group in the cemetery showing them the tombstones of well known former residents of the Phoe-

nix area such as the Colver, Furry, Stancliffe, Ferns, Townes, Claflins and Bolz families. Dorothy had the clever idea of marking the sites to be shown with a bright yellow sunflower to more quickly identify them. Stories were shared with the students about the families and questions answered. Students were most curious about the babies that died.

The second group proceeded on to the museum where they were greeted by

members Pat Popow, Margaret Croly, Amanda Claflin and Roberta Reyes. Students were given a written assignment and invited to work as couples in locating and identifying items on view in the museum. One of the questions asked was to name their favorite item. Some of those chosen were the Phoenix Post Office cancelling machine, mummified critter, doll collection and military collection. The class was well behaved and enjoyed the presentations.

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When Are Grapes at Their Peak for Wine?

"Some use a scientific approach. Others go by instinct. Whichever way you shake it—in this case, the grape vine—the process that goes into determining when a grape is at its peak and ready for wine is an art all its own.

"One of the tests in the scientific approach includes taking random sugar samples—also known as testing the Brix, referring to a hydrometer scale—from different areas of the vineyard. Depending on the grape, the harvest usually occurs when the level of ripeness determined during the testing of

the Brix is reached.

"Most winemakers, however, prefer diving into the process themselves rather than using scientific testing.

"Chewing on the skins, tasting the actual grape and observing the uniformity of the color are the most humanly proven methods in determining harvest readiness."

Mark Wisnovsky, whose family started the Valley View Winery, says 'I look at the vineyard and remember the history of the vine. I want to look at the whole picture, like how much water—both natural and

added—the grape has taken. You want to look at the development of the seed and how crunchy they are, and the skin flavor of the grape and, obviously, the flavor of the grape itself.'

"The harvest season for local vineyards generally starts in the third or fourth week of September and really hits its stride toward the beginning of October.

"White wine grapes usually mature faster than red wine grapes and vineyards that harvest earlier tend to get higher levels of acidity.

"The warm, dry Southern Oregon climate allows for a

number of varieties that vineyards in the northern portion of the state can't develop.

"Each season is different, however, because of weather variations. A particularly cold or wet season can damage or set back the harvest time of a fickle grape."

'It is farming at its root,' says Wisnovsky. 'That's why, to me, one of the most important things is to get out in the vineyard and get a feel of what's going on.'

Taken from article by Kevin Goff in *Our Valley*, Mail Tribune, April 22, 2007.

Power from the Rogue (the Demise of Gold Ray Dam?)

"Medford residents sitting down to an evening book on a special Wednesday late in 1904 truly saw things in a different light. The electric bulbs buzzed with a new kind of energy Dec. 7 when Medford and the surrounding communities first tasted hydroelectricity generated from the roaring Rogue River at Gold Ray Dam.

"After suffering two years of engineering setbacks and taunts from locals who claimed the mighty Rogue could never be harnessed, the Ray brothers tasted success when rushing water spun turbines and an intricate rope and pulley system to deliver electricity.

"It was a cold Wednesday night when the lights of Medford—which had been fed by a coal-powered electric plan—were illuminated from the kind of power that would eventually build the Pacific Northwest.' 'The lights are a little brighter than the old ones, owing to the fact that the wires are carrying 120 volts, whereas, under the old

system, 108 was as high as they ever ran,' reported the Medford Mail on Dec. 9, 1904.

"Yet it took immense planning, effort and work to get that extra 12 volts to Medford and surrounding communities.

"Gold Ray Dam is the product of two gold-seeking brothers: New York financier Col. Frank Ray, who invented the Ray bicycle, and physician C.R. Ray.

"Frank Ray owned several gold mines in and around what is now Gold Hill at the turn of the century. Dr. Ray left his Chicago practice to seek gold in Alaska, but soured on that adventure and headed to Seattle and, eventually, Medford, where he stopped to see his brother's mines and never left.

"Dr. Ray began overseeing his brother's operations, and decided hydropower would be better than coal and steam to operate the mines.

"He formed the Condor Water and Power Co.—which evolved into one of the original

pieces of Pacific Power and Light Co.—and in 1902 began construction of the dam seven miles east of Gold Hill.

First, the Rogue was diverted around the dam site to expose the basalt river bed. Logs floated down from the Prospect area were bolted into the riverbed, and cement churned by hand provided extra strength.

"Laborers worked 12-hour days for \$2. They suffered setbacks from continued high water and the jeers of local residents. After a cache of dynamite was discovered planted at the dam, the construction was under 24-hour armed guard.

"The dam used a system of turbines, heavy ropes and pulleys to spin generators that created the electricity which was shipped via wires as far as Ashland and Grants Pass.

"Ray signed utility contracts with all the local municipalities as well as many mines and orchards of the area.

"After several delays, the hydropower began on Dec. 7. It

drew little fanfare at the time.

"But that soon changed. Within three weeks, the region began to notice what an astounding feat the Ray brothers had accomplished by turning Rogue water into light.

"With the unlimited power of which the company has control, it is in a position to electrify the whole of Southern Oregon wherever the development of the county will warrant such a step,' the Medford Mail editorialized on Dec. 23, 1904."

Taken from "Story of a Century 1900-1904" by Mark Freeman, Time Line, Mail Tribune, December 31, 1999



Britt family party visit to Gold Ray Dam—SOHS No. 16308

Phoenix Historical Society & Museum

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Happy 150th Birthday,
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YOU CAN BE A MEMBER

of Phoenix Historical Society
for just \$5 a year or \$10 for a
family. Join now and help pre-
serve the history of Phoenix and
the surrounding area.

Any historical information regarding Phoenix
would be much appreciated by anyone receiving
this newsletter. Please send to above address.

Annual Barbecue Snapshots



Museum Musings

Our sympathies are extended to the family and friends of Pat Caster who passed away in September. Pat loved volunteering as a docent at the Phoenix Museum and she will be very much missed.

The annual barbecue was a great success with a large attendance. Banjo Bill was a great hit. Several members learned how to play spoons and also strum a paper bag as accompaniments. Banjo Bill's commentary on the history of banjos proved very interesting.

Another of our docents, Pat Popow, made the news last spring when she recorded her second career hole-in-one. Way to go, Pat!

Don't forget, cook

books are available for those hard to please friends and relatives.

The annual Christmas Party will be here soon. Mark your calendar for December 8 at 6:00 pm. Pizza and drinks will be furnished. Bring a pick up food or dessert. In lieu of a gift exchange, donations can be made to Phoenix Historical Society.

If you haven't paid your dues, see that Dorothy Claflin receives them soon.

Member Bob Hearn has completed compiling to disk his Aunt Daisy's book Way Back Yonder (story of Hearn family in New Mexico) while adding new info of his own. Congrats!